

Second Gear in Third Rotation

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Category: Halo

Genre: Adventure, Mystery

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2005-02-13 19:40:30

Updated: 2005-06-30 02:47:40

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:35:29

Rating: T

Chapters: 6

Words: 9,718

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: The Elite has infiltrated the ship and has found a deadly secret to the cargo he is in. What will he do when he finds out who is really behind.

1. Battle of the Bridge

Sir-dik-dik, ready to kill.

Locked and loaded.

This is my first serious Fic.

HALO2 SPOILIERS INSIDE THE VERY BEGINING!

Chapter one of second gear in third rotation, Battle of the bridge.

Okay to all the people that actually read the first three chapters of EX23black will be slightly familiar of what's going on, if not here is a simple recap. The earth Fleet ship The SS Seattle is in charge of a deadly experiment to the Covenant and they find out and are really pissed. So they board the ship and kindly ask for the Elite that they captured. After the fiasco of what happened to the second holy relic they figured that it is better to form an alliance with earth. When they say no the Covenant result to force and attack the ship. After retrieving the fallen comrade they return to the alien's military base to find a terrible new species of creature. Stronger than the flood and smarter than the humans and Covenant put together. The humans don't worry about that and try to run away and get back home. But no luck when they run into the creature of the parasite, Don Walker. Yes the main character of my last story was the creator of the flood. Who was in charge of this operation from the beginning? Don Walker wakes up in a facility where he sees other people's thoughts and suffers from severe headaches. He has forgotten about Cortana2 after the betrayal of the first one, was it worth it to look for her? Now I will get to him later but first I will go to the

central part of the town where I will be telling the story through the eyes of an Elite.

Disclaimer, I don't own anything Halo, Halo2 or Psi Ops related. I did make up some of the weapons to make it seem as time passed.

In the center of Zoola the main city of the Covenant military planet called Mijoulner Me-joan-er roughly two o'clock A.M their time.

The prophet of Sorrow has declared war on these creatures and has ordered to

remove any and all foreign species of creature. The banshee shook slightly as I

swooped down to see the center of the city. It was a gruesome mess. The

bodies of my fellow race lay dead on the road. It was the first time I have ever

been in combat and I truly regret for coming unprepared. I came only with one

plasma riffle, no grenades not even a plasma pistol to have as back up. I came

even closer to see the chaos of what has happened. The first time I ever got to

see the aliens was almost my last. As my banshee came closer to the ground I

saw one of them. They had the body structure of a human but the height of an

Elite. Their faces where a mask with a respirator over their mouth. I figured they

had human lungs but had no heat pattern or signs of emotion. As I continued to

lower one took aim with a cannon filled with blue crystals and with a pump of

his armor plated arms they all followed my banshee. I tried a fancy roll

maneuver to avoid the crystals hoping they would die out and give up on

chasing me. However this trick was in vain for the fact that they all caught up to

my left turbine and impaled themselves into it and they exploded. My left wing

fell apart and the banshee span out of control. I had no option but to bail out

from the ship. I fell out of the ship at fifty feet, landed, pulled out my plasma rifle

and gunned down the alien before he could fire another deadly needle cannon

shot. The technology used in that thing was way beyond me so I picked it up

and turned on my invisibility cloak before his buddy discover my presence. I got

behind him , put my arms around his neck and cracked it. They both lay dead

in a pool of green blood. There was a great drop in my stomach when I

remembered the color of the flood's bloodâ€¦ green. I ran down the highway I

was on to I meet with a ghost riding alien. He tried to run me over but I was to

quick for him, I jumped on the front of the ghost, whacked him in the head with

my plasma rifle. His limp body lay on the floor bleeding a green pool of blood.

I rode down the light bridge to my destination. My orders where to meet up to

a drop ship and move out to the out skirts of the city, to fend off the on coming

invasion. Of course this was not that easy to do as I was shot many times. My

ghost was ready to blow so I had to high tailed it to the rode. As my luck would

have it there was about twenty of the creatures in front of the outpost. I had no

choice but to fire at them. I took out the needle cannon and pumped like the

alien before me but nothing happened. They were now aware of my presence

and now were ready to shoot me. I pumped the gun again hoping for a miracle,

nothing happened. I dropped it and started to run. Behind me I heard ghostly

mechanical laughter. So they had emotions and were no robots, but what were

they? The Covenant explored the whole galaxy, and nothing like this ever

showed up. They were after something in the town for sure. Were they aware

that the prophet of Sorrow was already gone? Yes, they saw his leave and they

would have followed him but why then are they still here. All these thoughts

were going through my mind until the sound of an explosion was ahead of me.

The main tower of the city was leveled. The bodies of thousands of grunts,

Elites and jackals were all over the light bridge. This allowed me to pick up

some weapons before all their weapons were ready to shoot. I picked up four

plasma grenades a fuel rod cannon, and a plasma sword. I inserted the rod into

the gun, aimed and fired. A large blob of green plasma came out and hit one of

the aliens in the arm. It blew his arm straight off. Green blood now painted the

bridge like confetti' after a party. Green blood was not the only thing all over

the bridge. My fellow alien also took part in this grim massacre. I was the only

Covenant left on the higher part of the bridge. You could still the Covenant

resistance on the lower part of the bridge. The explosion of the fuel rod cannon

he killed five of the invaders. I took aim for another shot, right at the leader. The

strange thing was the leader had no visible weapon. I took the shot but just then

a huge explosion had gone off. The whole lower part of the bridge was

demolished and the Covenant resistance had been destroyedâ€| everyone but

me. I turned around to see if my blast did anything, all but one person was left

standing, the leader. I put down the fuel rod cannon and charged him with a

plasma sword. He raised his gloved hand, an orange orb appeared in the palm

of his hand and he pointed it toward the wall of the building. All of a sudden a

piece of the wall came charging toward me. I was able to dodge the piece of

the building and jumped toward him. Once again all he did was raise his hand

and aimed it toward my plasma sword. The sword turned orange and was

ripped from my hand. My arm still came charging down in a fist. He caught it

with his normal hand and used his glove to send me sky rocketing down the

bridge. There was an orange glow and I felt a pain like a shot with a shotgun to

the stomach at point blank. I was sent backwards with a large hole in my

stomach. My blood spilled all over the bridge and I slid for about three feet

until the aliens dragged me into their ship. I was carried away in a dark green

prison where my wounds were tended to and I was fed. I knew they were

going to question me. Whatever they wanted they were not getting it from me.

A couple hours later they brought me to their leader, the same one on the

bridge. "Where is the relic?" It asked me in a calm voice. "What holy relic are

you talking about.?" I answered with a question of my own. This time he

seemed a little bit angry when he asked again. "The gear, Where is the gear?"

He asked impatiently. This time I had no answer, I have only heard little of the

gear. It was apparently the key to activate all the remaining Halos. The other

gears had other functions but this was the only gear we had. "I have no

knowledge of this "gear" as you call it or the location of it. That would be a

question for prophet Sorrow." I answered. "Very well then we shall get this

prophet and find out where this gear is." The leader ordered me back to my

cell and my fate was undecided. I had only a few hours before they found

Sorrow and I was killed.

End of chapter one. How was it? Chapter2 will be with Donald Walker and

won't be so confusing. Please tell me any suggestions, if you want to be a character you will be killed off later. I hope this does better than EX23Black.

2. Awken Beast

Sir-dik-dik is ready to write.

You probably don't care do you?

Well any way here is chapter2 to Second Gear in third Rotation

Hello this is my futile stab at making a decent Halo story, besides Yellow Vs Green, which is not only very disturbing but incredibly funny. I know the first chapter may have been a little confusing, well this will not make it any clearer either, this is with a totally different character, I alternate every chapter, Donald Walker. I will let you imagine his body but this will be a little more PG-13 than the first chapter. Disclaimer, I don't own anything Halo related or anything at all.

Chapter2, The Awakening of the inner beast

Somewhere in deep outer space, date and time is unknown.

I awoke to a large bang on the roof. Where was my armor, where was Cortana2 Read chapter one of EX23 black to understand her. and most importantly where was the prophet of Sorrow? Did he activate the seventh Halo, no I would be dead. I looked around at my setting to discover that I wasn't even on a forerunner ship at all, I was in an all white office that had no walls or windows. It looked like the control center of the fifth halo. I had a horrible headache that would save my life later on. I got up and moved around a little and then started look for an exit to this place. I looked every where to find my armor, my two pistols, and two grandees. I slipped on the armor, strapped the two grenades to the wall and ran. There was a loud bang and the screams of covenant grunts. "Bingo," I thought to myself, I must have been in a prison or a corpse room that was just cleaned out. I drew my pistol and pulled the trigger, nothing.

"No shoot." A small Grunt begged in a panicked voice. I looked around the area taking in its volume. It looked like a long research facility, with odd aliens in a tube; their faces were hidden by mask and little orange lights for eyes. The place was a corridor of twisted halls, no end in sight. I then heard chatter of Elites and the loud footsteps they made with their hoofs. I whacked the grunt in the head with the butt of my pistol and dragged his body behind one of the tubes and took his needler and ran with it. I took cover behind another pipe. The two Elites walked out armed with two plasma riffles and aimed it towards any sounds. My head was throbbing with pain and I was ready to give up and call it quits but it was my life so I had no real choice. I crept around the corner and threw my empty pistol at one the elite's heads. I whacked one of them in the neck, one of the few unplated areas on its body. It turned around in furore and shot twice at my head with his plasma rifles. The two shots of plasma seared by my head and scorched the wall behind me. I dove back behind the wall to find that the grunt that I killed had a plasma grenade handy so I took it and jumped back out to the moonlight corridor and activated it. I threw it towards an Elite in red armor sporting a plasma rifle and stuck it on his head. The look of fear in his eyes made it worth it, the alien bastards were getting payback for what they did to my family and everyone else they might have wronged. The explosion alerted the covenant base and I was in trouble. Purple blood stained the floor as the other elite shot a few shots at my arm and my chest, I dove to avoid the blasts but there were just too many shots and two shot my shield dry and the other singed my right arm. Blood oozed slowly out of my arm and it looked like I was dead, but an unsuspected power reawakened. I blacked out but my mind didn't. It picked me up and I walked out to the Elite, placed my hand in front of me and made a tight fist, a blue ring circled the Elite's head and choked him to death. Three Grunts then came out with needlers and fired rounds towards me but a blue barrier surrounded me and deflected the crystals towards them. They screamed in fear as the shards of energy pierced their skin and took chunks out of their bodies. Blue blood coated the floor and screams of pain echoed through the long stretching halls of this place. Then I placed my hand in front of my chest and hit myself hard. The aliens followed only they pierced their chest and loud echoes of pain seared through the hall and blood covered the floor grim colors like dark purple and the mixed sounds of the humming of machines and the screeches of pain. I sat down and made a large barrier with my mind and sat there until my wounds healed.

Memories of past events rushed through his head as he sat there,

"So how does it feel to know the real you, not some make believe Earth fairy tale?" The prophet of Anger asked Donald Walker.

"Cortana2 is this true?" Don asked the AI as if his best friend betrayed him.

"Sir, it was for your bestâ€¦" Cortana2 tried to explain but it was no use he would not listen. "If you knew we found you on forerunner you might have wanted to reclaim your power." She finished. He took the AI out of the database it was in and asked the prophet a few questions, which he could not think of. It was a big shock to him, being Forerunner, not human, also to be of a key part of a puzzle to stop the flood. His parents were part creators of the flood but when

the experiment got out of hand he was sent to a hyperbolic chamber where he lived there in suspended animation where they found him and raised him to be a Spartan. After being part of the Halo destroying squad he realized his real power and decided to become a mercenary but still helped in destroying Halos 3-7 but his real task now was to survive with no back up. He slowly withdrew his pistols and shot the Prophet until he ran out of bullets. The Prophet died with a smirk on his face that Don wanted to wipe off his damned face.

Later in the chapter

He ran to the last remaining ship and hopped in but the engine wouldn't start. The ring world started to blow and he was still there and he was doomedâ€¦| Yes that was originally the last chapter to EX23 Black.

He sat there trying to process the number of people that died to keep his secret unknown to everyone. They all deserved to die in his mind that survived the largest explosion in the universe. Cortana2 was probably destroyed and was not to be found but he didn't care, she was the one to tell him his heritage. He wasn't too happy with this entire thing going on, he hated surprises.

A tall man in a white robe accompanied by two Hunters walked towards the force field but before he could do anything Don sensed him. "Don't move or I shall kill all of you; now state your business and I can tell when you are lying." He threatened them. Don put his arm out and garbed the other one and disabled the hunters from firing the large fuel cannons on their arms. The man looked pleased and he moved toward the barrier. "I said NOT TO MOVE!" Don lifted one of the Hunters with his mind and impaled him to the wall with a telekinetic spike. The beast struggled but the more he moved the more organ blood dripped down the wall. The man then looked rather frightened of Don's ability but then regained his composure.

"Follow me young one, you have much to learn." He commanded.

"I shall follow you milord, but try to kill this one I shall make sure they hear of this." The voice threatened. Don falls over and wakes up.

"Holy crap two hunters and hooded man, this hasn't been my day now has it?" Asked Donald sarcastically to himself.

"I have no intentions to hurt you if you come over here now." He instructed "You have much to learn young one." Called out the hooded man. As they both walked further and further the more bodies looked like they were decimated, limbs and heads were severed and pulled from their bodies.

"Jeez did I do this?" asked Don.

"Yes, all of it with only your mind." The hooded man pointed out.

"With my mind?" asked a confused Donald.

"Yes you hold an extremely valuable gift to my legions of men." The man spoke softly. He was a tall man but looked very small in comparison to Don with his armor on.

"Who are you and who are your "legions of men"?' asked Donald in a very specious voice.

"Do not fear Donald, I am Louis and my men are the Ramada," answered Louis in an unconcerned voice, "We plan to wipe out the Covenant for good," he looked over to Don with a needle in his hand. "Your mind has taken a lot sense your awakening, take this for luck." John took off his armor plating and took the injection. "Do not try to use your abilities to much, try to drain the energy from others for your own use, you could die by over using your mind." He pointed out.

"Wait, what the heck are you saying?" Whimpered Don.

"It will all come in good time." Louis made a point of laughing in his comment. "Take this map and meet me at the front of the ship, careful there's a couple of alien bastards waiting for you with a few presents." Louis then disappeared into mid air with no traces of where he went.

"I guess I have to do this one alone eh?" Don asked himself as he walked outside into the next room. A few grunts patrolled the empty hallways as he looked over he had another head ache and felt like something tap into the darkest places of his mind and cleared all thoughts but on ways of killing the Grunts, deep thoughts of different techniques of brutal killings.

"What the heck is going on?" Don thought to himself starting to see the deaths of he aliens clearer.

"Do you like what you see?" Louis got into his mind and was now communicating with him, "All you have to do is use your mind to think of what and how you want to kill them, go ahead think of something good and creative, it's your playground. Don looked up and thought of the grunt falling on a spike pit. Blue spikes pooped out from the ground and impaled it; blue blood spat through the wounds and alerted the other Grunt to his position. The grunt shot three plasma pistol shots; the shots flashed by him as he rolled out of the way. He then overloaded the plasma pistol and mind tricked him into holding it until it exploded on him. A loud Bang and a green flashlight up the room as its blue blood paint the walls with a joy to Don. His victory was one that would lead down the rode of imperfection and his demise in the end that isâ€|

The end of chapter 2

Please review or die HEHE! G please

3. Special Orders

SDD is me for all the that don't know me cause u ain't my homie.

Sir-dik-dik trying to rhyme, and failing to do so.

But I got a new chapter of SGITR, So here it is, chapter3 Special Orders.

I have to thank everyone that reviewed and I will do so at the end of

this chapter I will. Do you like it so far? If so you will really like this chapter because this is the chapter that makes some sense and reveals a large part of the mystery of the ancient weapons called the Gears. Disclaimer, I don't own anything Halo related or in that fact anything at all.

****Alien ship on Mijlounar 12:14PM human time. 9-21-73.****

I awoke in my cell two hours later staring at the green ceiling as my fate was in the hands of aliens that no one ever heard about. Their bodies looked like humans but their physical strength and agility was unlike anything anyone has ever seen. The aliens were tall and muscular like an Elite but their facial features were unmistakably human like and even though they all wore armor he could tell. Two of them came in with what looked like two pistols and a human knife. They carried him past a long line of prison cells with Elites and Brutes kept in there like animals. They arrived into a large throne room with the leader standing they're watching me, as I was thrown to the ground and then beat for a few minutes. I got back up and looked at the leader his face looked just what I thought, a hybrid. It had mostly human features but a few Covenant signs were visible but he quickly put on his royal mask and began to question him.

"Where is the Gears?" He asked calmly. I just looked at him blankly at him with no response.

"This isn't a question this is a command!" The leader lifted his hand and used telekinesis to throw me against the wall. I slowly slid down the wall my wound ached and all most reopened.

"I'm telling you I have no clue." I shouted angrily.

"I'm sorry but that's not what I've heard." He lashed out a whip with his mind blood slowly dripped from his wound on his stomach. "Is it your leader? Yes it must be." He laughed as he lifted me with his mind and began to choke me. "So where is he?" He began to laugh louder which only infuriated me more.

"He's gone, he left this place a while ago." I began to kick, struggling to break free.

"I know you know where he is so feed up little one." He then probed it from my mind forcing me to talk.

"He's gone to High Charity, to gain more troops to strike against you on the tenth." I passed out there blood pouring from my mouth.

"Take him back, he will awake to a "pleasant" surprise." He chuckled as I was carried off to my cell and I slowly began to recover.

"Damn!" I thought to myself as I got up to see I was transferred to a nicer prison where I was brought out to a courtyard. It was odd how he had gone from one end of the spectrum to a complete different one. There was a large group of Elites talking so I decided to go check it out.

"At the next break we will kill the guards and take their weapons and knives." Everyone in the group cheered for one Elite, the Arbiter's

offspring. He held a knife in his hands and he went over to a Guard and took him to the corner and slit his throat. Green blood poured from his throat as he took a weapon that resembled an assault rifle. He handed a knife and the gun to me and I took it and looked closer at it. The weapon was made different then the one he encountered on the street. It seemed to borrow more from the humans' primitive style, meant to kill then to stun. He thought this gun's shape and texture through his mind wondering what he could do with it.

"Tonight we are going through the ships lower docks to meet some friends of mine that will help us get the hell out of here." He told me and handed me a knife, "our next break meet me at the center lunch table." The guards then blew a whistle signaling us to go back into the cells. It was amazing that they didn't notice the dead guard but it was their loss. I sat there for a good few hours thinking on the Gears they were asking for. It has been three years sense the humans and the covenant signed a peace treaty with each other to end a great war that still had not completely been resolved yet but they seemed to be getting along for the most part. He walked into his cell and his hands were handcuffed while he sat there. For the most part the main goal that the prophets preached was the activation of the Holy Ring but all that turned out to be was a lie. The rings would do nothing but kill them all, not send them to the promise land. Now the Prophets now have found little things called Gears that will actually activate the gate to the promise land but they were scattered around the world and on different planets. We were only able to find three out of the seven until the meddling humans interfered. They feared that the Gears would do the same thing as the Halos and they wouldn't let use find the Gears until they studied the Gears and had proof that it wouldn't kill them. Of course the Prophets would not have any of it so there were a few rouge ships sent out to find them but they all never came back. Two months ago the humans noticed that a lot of their carriers were being hijacked and never head from again and then we realized what was happening, a third party. Then two weeks ago a few human drop ships arrived on Mijoulнар and then it happened right under our noses, we were attacked. I was sent to fight off the wave attacking the city center and now I was here.

The guard rang a bell and the handcuffs vanished and the Arbiter's child was waiting at the center lunch table. He smiled then it happened, a pack of Elites, Grunts and Jackals stormed the guards as the two sneaked away. Gun shots from their alien weapons cut through the aliens like butter and blood splattered everywhere. They cleared the whole first wave out and the Arbiter's off spring turned around and shot their weapons a few times like he has used them before. He then opened a vent and then instructed me to get on his shoulders and I did as I was told. The Covenant behind us took the guards two guns and manned the doors and threw me a grenade. It looked like a human fruit it was so large. They both climbed into the vents and started to crawl through it. It was oddly quite for what had just happened and how obvious it should have been that something went wrong. I crawled through the neat pipes and asked, "Where are we going?"

"We are going to the steam room where three Elites will be waiting for us holding us a few presents." He finished.

"Weapons?" I asked.

"You are smarter then what I took you for." He walked on silently

after that until we reached a vent. "This is it, I will lower you down by your legs and I want to kill the guards quietly." He opened the vent and slowly dropped me down right on top of a guard. I broke his neck with ease then I threw the knife getting his friend on the neck. Green blood oozed slowly from his neck and I took their grenades and took my knife back. He then slowly dropped down from the vent and picked up the two dead bodies and threw them into the furnace.

"Keep warm." He took the leftover ammo and stuck it into his gun and whistled three times and in the next room three Elites busted the door down. They were all in combat armor holding their own Carbines and a plasma riffle. They all looked happy and began to laugh.

"We thought you would never make it." An Elite in red armor chuckled.

"Hey, we were about to leave." An Elite in blue armor looked alarmed at the presence of me being here.

"Who is this?" An Elite in purple questioned me.

"I am Coanra." I replied.

"Never herd of you." The one in red threw me twin needlers.

"He's come to help me rally the troops out of this place and back into one of our ships." The Arbiter's offspring introduced me. They exchanged some words between each other none of witch come to mind at the moment. I then asked about the elevator.

"Yes, this takes you to the laboratory but I sent one of my boys to meet you up there and the only way to see up there is by these." The red Elite handed me a thermal goggle. I put it on and everything turned into an ere green color and the figures of the Elites was blurred by the flames of the furnace. My new friend was handed a fuel rod gun and a plasma sword and I dropped my old gun and took a plasma sword. It was my weapon of choice but it was very unstable after a long period of not using it. They both pressed the elevator button and it lowered. It was covered in blue blood and some black liquid. I drew my twin needlers and followed up the stairs where the elevator stopped. When we entered the lab it was dimly light and the end of it was totally black. The floor was stained with more blue blood and even weirder was the little splashes of black liquid around the blood. Once we made it to the end of the lab we put on our thermal vision and there was a door that led to pitch-blackness. We heard something crawl overhead and we pointed our guns up. We heard it again but we still didn't get anything. We started to walk forward when something pooped from the ceiling and impaled the Arbiter's son and drug him up the air vents and then I was alone in the dark.

The end of chapter3, next chapter, Alone in the Dark.

4. Here comes the BOOM!

Sir-dik-dik actually took time away from playing Rune Scape to write a new chapter of SGITR.

Yes, if the plot sounds a lot like the plot from Project Snowblind I

just want to say that I wrote this before I even heard of it.

Hello everybody, all two of you, that is actually reading this. I will do something new, okay I've done it in the past three chapters, but this time the story will follow an idea I got while playing Rune Scape and listening to Sum 41's Chuck. This chapter will not follow the Elite or Donald but with a new type of Spartan called BOI Spartans. Why, because one of the main characters will be killed off for knowing too much. Disclaimer, I don't own anything, what a surprise. So here it is chapter4, Here comes the boom.

"Lisa are the Bio Spartans ready?" Master Chief looked at the large container wishing that he could fill those shoes. BIO Spartans were new experiments originally code named EX23black but after a horrible wreck of the ship the SS Seattle and the missing Spartan Donald Walker it was put on halt until they found out what happened. It was determined that Walker was dead and the one of the crewmembers had ties with a terrorist organization called the Lost. They were experimenting on humans and mixing DNA with Covenant blood forming a super weapon. It was destroyed only leaving us enough proof to shut them down. Then there was the mysterious destruction of the rings. No human forces were sent to take them down, but it seemed like it all happened to quick for him to grasp. After one year of peace there was another crisis, Earth's fleets of space patrollers were being hijacked and taken to remote planets where we could never find them. After this we decided to work on this and give it a far more obvious name, BIO or Bionic Implants Order. These were not humans in Spartan armor but dead bodies powered but artificial intelligence and artificial body parts. This would lower casualties and they were much more efficient in a group with weapons then he was. They were outfitted with the latest and greatest weapons for dishing out damage. The back area was armed with twelve gauge sniper riffles with a zoom distance of two kilometers. Their eyes alone were equipped with thermal vision and night vision. The brute force of the squad, which was in the front, was armed with dual SMGs and shotguns. They were ready to be shipped to their first vital assignment on Mijonualr where the expected terrorist organization struck one of the main military cites of the Covenant.

I was number thirty-two, part of Brute force and I was ready to be sent to the cites main frame until we learned that it was totaled. It was worse then we expected the army already took over half the planet but we where ready to fight for the other half. Eight Pelicans followed closely by us as most of the teams mounted in warthogs while the rest would parachute down over the town. We all sat in silence analyzing the near impossible odds, as we knew that we would be killed in the process. This wasn't any shocker as we were made to do the work that humans weren't to good in. I mounted a turret-wielding warthog as we slowly were dropped. The engine started and the cold metal I stood on started to move slowly back and forth like it was ready to go without orders. Gravity worked its magic as the doors were opened and we slide backwards into a forested area. The tree's made a shaded canopy for us as rain pounded the top of the trees. I scanned the region and revealed a guard waiting to push an alarm for anybody waiting to pass through. I took one hand of the turret's handles and withdrew a silenced pistol and shot one shot at its legs. It crippled under the force and slowly fell over the support rail. We now had the element of surprise as our fist mission was assigned to us.

"Those ugly son's of guns have taken over a major port of shipments here and we need you to find what is it that they have hiding and to take it back. Use all means necessary to do this. I wish you luck BIO Spartans and come back alive." Meridian five's general highlighted the location of these shipping docks and outpost on our internal maps. We rode down the forest trail until we heard something like an explosion and it turned out to be the back section of our squads' carrier being shot down. Fire and smoke danced in the skies, as it became apparent that this wasn't like training simulations and fights with non-lethal weapons. This was something the Master Chief described as "Hell". We withdrew our weapons as we scrambled out of the warthog onto a large energy bridge connected town. Plasma rifles rang out against the enemies' fire. Blue clashed against the different weapons the alien race was using. I was the first person to draw blood; a well-aimed battle rifle burst took out one of the alien snipers. I replied down the large cliff we were on as I threw a flash grenade. I took out the shotgun and blasted the two guarding a factory in the head as I came down. The flash grenade made it impossible for the guards to alert the rest of the squads. It was speculated that these aliens could not here but were superior in all other aspects to humans. A large turret fired down the street as two out of the three warthogs that were left appeared out of the woods. It was weird, in war, as soon as you feel secure the enemy takes advantage of it. A smaller version of a rocket launcher was shot and its one-foot rocket hit the warthog and killed all of the BIO Spartans in it. Number twenty-five took out his sniper rifle and took a chunk out of the alien's face. Green blood now panted the rode but then the worst part started. The rest of the Covenant army began to fight against the aliens. Plasma rifles and beam rifles now were overpowering the alien squad until a large drop ship unloaded on the army with its large turret. I took out my weapons jamming pistol and missed the gun but hit the user in the head. The body fell over the ship as we stormed in from behind to take control of the top. It started when the whole fleet of aliens dropped back when their opponents rushed them. Hunters, Elites and Brutes came charging in with guns blazing and shot were blowing away the aliens. With the spray fire we handed out with our battle rifles taking out snipers and turrets, it was strategically successful. Sometimes not all the tactics in the world can save you from the unexpected and that's what happened. The factory's doors opened and out came dozen's of tall gray figures with no emotions. They walked towards the Covenant and revealed a mouth of teeth. They started to eat the army ignoring shots homed at them. We all fired a few rounds of battle rifle at the monsters but nothing happened. An advanced grunt fired a Fuel Rod Gun at them and their body parts blew off. It went over there to gloat over its glory by taking its head but when it put its hand near the things face, the monster bit off his hand and the missing body parts managed to be re-grown. The monsters killed everyone in their way but the Bio Spartans were able to send all this to Captain Keys before they were killed. Marinade Keys' son Brad was now in charge and saw the disturbing footage and became aware that it was too late, Earth was doomed, unless someone out there had the firepower to kill, those things.

The end of C4. I hoped you liked it. This will have a spin off so no taking my idea before I write this please. This is the only time I will feature these guys and it is time to think about anybody I need to address. First to Alice the Raven, KOTOR2 addiction? Nar Shada? Jedi yet, I mean lightsaber swinging? Hate Kieara yet, cause you will hate her very essence of her in the end. But that's all I'm going to

say about that besides go to Korriban or how ever you spell it to become a "special" class and I love the guy in KOTOR1 that's locked in the locker and always says FISH FISHY FISH!

To Masterbeef, your kingdom of beef sounds like a very unsafe place because what happens when it rains? And what's the toilet made out of, jerky? Thanks but no thanks, now I'm going to make a kingdom with France and make it on a sand pile. How unsafe is that? BTW my runescape character might be dead cause I had a lot of stuff and I was supposable lead to a quest but this dude left me to fight things stronger than me and I died and lost all of my stuff. That's really sad. Also Twilight dreams is more popular than, MCABALSS, now that's really sad cause that one is better then a Dark Side Story.

TO ALL MY PEOPLE READING THIS, MASTERBEEF IS MAKING A NEW FIC IN APRIL ON ODDWORLD. BUT IT HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH STRANGER'S WRAITH WITCH IS SAD CAUSE SW WAS THE BEST!

5. Fire fight

Fear thy self for you are the enemy.

Yes I said Thy.

Back to one of my three pet projects and this time I hope to poster child the series with this chapter. Disclaimer, I don't plan to own Halo or anything Halo related. I don't even own it now.

Chapter five, firefight.

Don took the handgun next to him and walked into the dimly lit room. The dead grunt was slowly starting to rout in the heated ship making Don feel queasy. He walked through the door to find three Elites in the room all holding needlers. The room was a moon lit hallway that lead to an armory that could prove useful. Don moved his back to the wall and took aim at the Elite with red armor. He centered his gun at the alien's head and with a fatal pull the trigger pierced its skull killing it. The blue blood of the alien alerted the others and they stormed the door Don was hiding behind. He lifted them with his mind and threw them to ladder breaking their limbs and making them bleed. He picked up their needlers and took off. The next room was an armory that was filled with alien weapons. He dropped the pistol and picked up a fuel rod gun. He kept his two needlers for short-range firefights when he got another vision. He was looking outside of his body and was able to see through walls.

"Do you like it, it was my idea to give this one." The voice in his head went on. "This is good for going into rooms full of enemies." He then made Don see through the walls into the next room. There was a grunt, a few jackals and one honor Elite guard.

"Thanks now if you don't mind Iâ€¦" Don lost site of inside of the room and his head started to ache.

"See, your power isn't endless so you have to either have an extra vile of energy or you can just take it from their heads." The leader took to much interest in the art of creative killing.

"Take it, how." Don was worried by the tone of the man that he

missing something.

"It's simple really, I will take over the Elites' mind and walk it out here. When he is looking at the wall in confusion put your hand out and imagine his energy going into your hand." He instructed.

"Right, that sounds easy enough, like I ever thought about draining people's heads." The guard walked out and then the power of the Raider's leader went away.

"What?" It yelled but Don held out his hand and a blue link connected his hand to the head of the Elite. After a few seconds its head popped and blue blood splattered all over the place and Donald felt all of his energy back. The small grunt walked over to Don and was about to scream but Don slammed it into the wall and filled it with a round of the twin needlers. There was three jackals left and they were all taking random shots at Don through the comfort of cover behind the door. He saw one out of the corner of his eye. He lifted up the jackal with his head and took control of his hand and made him shot himself in the head with the plasma pistol. Its purple blood flew all over the wall and Don used the arm of the Jackal and took out the shields. He came of the corner and took out his fuel rode cannon. He fired a large ball of heated plasma that cut through the jackals. The two flew the air without legs and landed on the other side of the room. The next room was the link to the docking yard where he would be able to meet up with the leader. In the next room was a Hunter. How would he get by with only twin needlers? The fuel rod cannon ran out in the last room.

"Very good! Now for the last thing you need to know is psi cannon. Focus all your energy into your hand and lit it all go." The Raider's leader went on. Donald did as he was told and walked into the next room. The Hunter walked and analyzed the room as a ghostly blue ball formed into Don's hand. He opened his palm and the whole room was covered by the blue energy and destroyed everything in it. The lights inside were faulty and about to blow a fuse. The only thing left of the Hunter was its orange blood and little chunks of the armor it wore around its left arm. On the wall was a little gear that looked like it belonged in a clock. He took it and then the building began to shake.

"Good job, you managed to take the gear. I think I will just teleport you to the ship." The leader then casted a bright blue circle around Donald and he made it in the ship in a matter of seconds. The ship looked like the Pelican and a covenant drop ship mixed into one. Th halls lit with bright alien lights but the inside holding area looked exactly like something humans would make. The ship took out of the cargo area of the Covenant ship and into slip-space.

"Sir," Marinade's son Brad walked over to the Master Chief.

"What is it son?" The chief reloaded his handgun for the last time in the war.

"Well, they have to of the gears." Brad said with the up most respect.

"I see, agent Don has become a rebel and he most be exterminated." The Chief walked over to the intercom with Weapons specialist Mrs.

Alice. "Do we have the last one of the BIOS projects ready?" The MC addressed her.

"Yes sir, I am ready to open a can of whoop ass on these punks." She was anxious to see the BIOS at work and not let see them be destroyed. "I don't see why we don't just bomb the ships and save some serious cash." She complained.

"This is the safest way and plus the BIOS project coast about the same as an atom bomb so we aren't gaining anything with the bombs." MC walked to the glass window and began to cry as the ships went towards Earth.

End of Chapter five.

Please R&R please! And yes, Don is always a little behind the current time of MC, the BIOS and the no name Elite.

6. The unsung hero

Sir-dik-dik is back and I can finally write without thinking about any freaking projects or homework!

So here it is the final chapter with our Elite character cause he well, you will see. Think of this as a prelude to the climax with the other characters so I can get to the final part of this story. Also my friend Tayter rewrote Ex23 Black and I say he didn't do a half-bad job. Go check it out if your brain aces for knowledge that this story won't provide.

Chapter five, The unsung hero and the price of salvation.

I looked around the room for the beast. The room was quite but the constant murmurs of dying wishes the Arbiter's offspring had. Its blue blood was one of the few colors in the goggles night vision ability. He walked toward a flicker of light that looked like a medical table and a light box. Then there was a faint sound of breathing and a moving image of something dragging on the grown. It must be its tail I thought to myself so I took out my dual plasma rifles and shot in front of me. There was a loud scream as the beast's dark blood splattered on my chest and it fell over. I ran over to the light switch and hit it. The loud hum of the generator filled the room as it lit up as I dropped the goggles. There was a loud smashing sound as the ventilation shaft fell open and something crawled through it and around the rest of the room. I debated to go through the next room looking for the weapons delivery or go back reinforcements. I began to walk towards the elevator and the ceiling tiles echoed footsteps; slowly getting louder and closer until they just stopped. After a few minutes silence I walked towards the elevator and called it up. The beast's tail came swinging at me as I did a front-flip to roll off the attacker. I looked to the ceiling as purple blood dripped off the wall and started to move. The walls trembled as the beast jumped out. It looked like a human without hair and gray skin. The tail it once had fallen off and skin just patched over it. I took out the two plasma rifles and blasted away it the monster. Small balls of heated plasma whizzed into its forehead blowing chunks of its head onto the floor. The thing fell over bleeding blue blood headless. I started to walk over to the elevator that just came. He heard something pop and foot steps. I turned

around to find the two Elites on the roof of the elevator bleeding immensely and dead. One had an alien gun's shot through his chest. From the look of it he took heavy fire as the tissue was demolished and had a massive crater in the middle of his chest. The other looked like he was hacked with a human bone saw as his legs were off and a jagged edge of the blade proved he was interrogated. I only hoped that he didn't give off my location. I took the carbine the one had in his hands and two plasma grenades. I walked to the door to the next room and hacked the door. There was a little rattle and the door opened. The room was like a meat freezer with corpse tables. Of course all of which were closed in, but one. There was a low noise of breathing, and it wasn't me. I took out my energy sword and looked around. The room had a curve that hides another part of the room; I slowly walked over to the section and a hideous, rank smell of rotting corpses overwhelmed me. I looked to the corner and there was something tall, naked and gray eating away at a human.

"You! Stop now or I'll blow into a billion pieces." I commanded but all it did was turn around and stagger towards me. Its face was not human, as it had no defining features and no eyes. Its eyes glow red with hunger as it slowly made its way towards me. I took out the energy sword, jumped to his shoulders and severed his head. It felt like cutting through wet play-dough which was nothing like the flesh of the aliens. It bled profusely as I went to take a closer look at it. I touched its freezing skin but in a strange way it was still warm like it was living. There was a strange gushing sound as its head came back and it bit off my shoulder plating and began to sink its teeth into my skin. I took the carbine and blasted a hole in its head and it fell backwards not in pain but in shock of the shot. It just got back up for more and I would be more than happy to oblige. I fired twelve more carbine shots into its gray flesh and more body fluids gushed out. It looked at me with displeasure as it showed its sharp fangs it jumped and once again impaled its fangs into my other shoulder. This time I took out the energy sword and shoved it into its chest. The demon screeched as it tried to pull out the sword. I don't think it was pain it was feeling it looked like it was being burned in the inside. I don't mean like from the plasma but I like its entire body was in flames. I ran up to it and withdrew the blade. I dashed over to a control panel looking for a temperature control. It was all in alien language so I just turned all the dials to the top. It got back up but then there was a loud rumbling sound and the room heated up to about one hundred degrees in the room. The thing began to scream as its body began to spasm and it exploded. Its blood went all over the place and I took a look around the room to see if anything else was there. I walked over to the next room and my vision went blurry. I coughed in my hand and blood was all over it. I got on one knee to try to shake this off and then I passed out.

When I woke up later three alien guns pointed at my head.

"Get up you worthless shit." It spoke my language clearly but it sounded human with its human slang of some words and comparing me to waste. I was escorted to a small chamber where two humans sat. One wore a nothing and had many scars, as the other was a man I met earlier. His name was Don, he was once on my destroying squad of the several rings but now it was official that humans were behind this and it was betrayal and we wouldn't take it well. I turned on my recording device and began to record the two people deciding my fate.

"We found him in the weapons room." The guard informed Don and the other man.

"Kill him then." The shirtless man demanded but Don declined.

"I know this guy he was once on my destroying squad, he wouldn't betray us." He looked at the Elite with sorrow.

"Betray you, you betrayed me destroying my kind and humans. I thought you wanted to keep the peace?" I yelled out with my final breath. Don looked at me and impaled a spike through my heart and he walked out the room with the man. I sat there bleeding, I couldn't believe that he would kill me. I always thought I would end the war, but maybe this was the price of salvation.

Don walked into the room with Jeff. He looked at Don and tried to kill him with his knife. Don ducked under him and shot him in the head. Don now knew what he was really fighting for, to kill his own teammates. The Covenant and humans where his allies and these 'Ramada's' were his enemies.

Okay that be it everyone I hope you saw what happened at the end so go on and read Tayter's story it shall clear some things up in due time but now to notify everyone.

Masterbeef, so finally wrote something, I shall read.

ATR, Thanks for all the support, you've been there sense the begging so you've seen me in my worst writing LOL.

Seda, Thanks for reminding me the Elite had a name that's why this chapter was in first person.

Sharp shooter125, I hope you enjoyed it as much as I enjoy your stuff.

End
file.